With better phraſe and matter then thou didſt.
*Edg.* Y'are much deceiued, in nothing am I changd,
But in my garments.
*Glo.* Me thinkes y'are better ſpoken.
*Edg.* Come on ſir, here's the place, ſtand ſtill, how fearfull
And dizy tis to caſt ones eyes ſo low:
The Crowes and Choughes that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarſe ſo groſſe as beetles, halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire, dreadfull trade,
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head:
The fiſhermen that walke vpon the beake
Appeare like Mice; and yon tall Anchoring barke
Diminiſht to her cocke; her cocke aboue
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on the vnnumbred idle peebles chafe,
Cannot be heard: it is ſo hie Ile looke no more
Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.
*Glo.* Set me where you ſtand.
*Edg.* Giue me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge; for all beneath the Moone
Would I not leape vpright.
*Glo.* Let go my hand:
Heere friend's another purſe, in it a Iewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fairies and Gods
Proſper it with thee: go thou farther off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
*Edg.* Now fare you well good ſir.
*Glo.* With all my heart.
*Edg.* Why I do trifle thus with his diſpaire, tis done to cure it.
*Glo.* O you mighty Gods, *He kneels*
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off,
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great oppoſeleſſe wils,
My ſnuffe and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burne it ſelfe out: if *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe;

Now



Now fellow fare thee well. *He f*
*Edg.* Gon ſir, farewell, and yet I know not how concei
rob the treaſury of life, when life it ſelfe yeelds to the thef
he bene where he thought, by this thought had bene paſt:
or dead? Ho you ſir, heare you ſir, ſpeake, thus might he
indeed, yet he reuiues, what are you ſir?
*Glo.* Away, and let me dye.
*Edg.* Hadſt thou bene ought but goſmore feathers ayre,
So many fadome downe precipitating,
Thou hadſt ſhiuerd like an Egge, but thou doſt breath,
Haſt heauy ſubſtance, bleedſt not, ſpeakſt, art ſound:
Ten Maſts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fell,
Thy lifes a miracle, ſpeake yet againe.
*Glo.* But haue I fallen or no?
*Edg.* From the dread ſummons of this chalkie borne,
Looke vp a hight; the ſhrill gorg'd Larke ſo farre
Cannot be ſeene or heard, do but looke vp.
*Glo.* Alacke, I haue no eyes:
Is wretchedneſſe depriu'd that benefite
To end it ſelfe by death? Twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.
*Edg.* Giue me your arme:
Vp, ſo, how feele you your legges? you ſtand.
*Glo.* Too well, too well.
*Edg.* This is aboue all ſtrangeneſſe:
Vpon the crowne of the cliffe, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
*Glo.* A poore vnfortunate begger.
*Edg.* As I ſtood heere below, methought his eyes
Were two full Moones; a had a thouſand noſes,
Hornes, welkt and waued like the enridged ſea.
It was ſome fiend, therefore thou happy Father
Thinke that the cleereſt Gods, who made their honors
Of mens impoſſibilities, haue preſerued thee.
*Glo.* I do remember now, henceforth Ile beare